29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

Moat House
Blean
nr Canterbury.

Tuesday.

1910

Dr Violet

We have been here for a fortnight, your letter was sent on. I'm afraid I can't come, because I shall stay here another 10 days. Savage thought I had better go away for a bit, as I couldn't do

much in London.
Here a Clive & Julian
have been here: here
Gwen back today.
We have a circular
lawn & a moat.
We get walks through
the woods — nor so
far. Discovered big
Stoker Holland. Who is a mile
off. Do write.
It takes a long time
to get ones faculties to
work again. I wish I could
have come.

Ever V.S.

NYPL

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

Tuesday. June 29
1910

My Violet,

Yesterday the stamps which I got on false pretences. I'm cursing my luck. Savage now insists on a rest cure, & I'm to retreat to a woman at Twickenham for a month. It's a great bore. I

I suppose my niece will assist
with at me.
Not that I see you again
for some months, & you
will have forgotten the
very charming cast of my
nature.
Do write from the
top of your clip.

Yr VS.

NYPL

Court Place,
Iffley, Oxford.

17th Oct.

1910

My Violet.

I should have written before to thank you for the charming pouch, which looks as though it were shovelled in to it — But laziness is a great curse.

Are you in London? I go there tomorrow, for good, I hope. Savage has still to decide my

future, but I now feel very
well again.
Rena's son is better, &
Julian is now a strapping
schoolboy, very domineering,
but attractive.
What are you doing?
Vapours seem to hang
between us. You might
be (as you will be one
day) chanting in Heaven.
I am staying here with

remarkable family - Costelloes -
Pearsall Smiths. Mrs. Pearsall
Smith is a very Spruce a
practical edition 2 the Quaker
without any mysticism about her
though she too is a great light.
I imagine they might have been
friends, for Mrs P. S. also
writes books upon the Soul, &
hers are translated into
Chinese. She remarks all
the hypocrisies - how the Friends
prophecy at dinner, cut up
malice, so as to cheat some one
of a hot dish. Religion
would be amusing if one
could get prices to be honest.

Are you in London?
I met Katie in the street the
other day — in straight
American clothes, a rather tired.
I remember her as one of the
beauties of her age, some
decades ago. Aunt
Minna, however, still lives,
& makes one feel young.

NYK

Yr. V. S.

T

Nov 15 / 10.

29. Fitzroy Sq.
W.

Monday.

My Violet.

Why didn't you tell me that you had influenza before? I would have sat by your bedside. Perhaps it struck you that that was just my gift. I would have read aloud to you from my own works.

Can I come to tea, & stay for about as long as you like, on Friday? I suppose you wouldn't be well enough to come on to the Friday Club & hear Helen Trivick read a

paper when ghosts? They have found
out something about the soul, which
one ought to know.

My time has been wasted a good
deal when Suffrage. We went to
two meetings, at which about a
dozen people spoke, like the
ol a bell. If they spoke faster
all their words went into one.
It was at the Albert Hall. The
only amusement was that a baby
cried incessantly, a thin was taken
by home as a bitter sarcasm
against woman having a vote.
George farned up yesterday with a
kind of white frill under his waistcoat,

x a gigantic diamond, let in green enamel, which
is chipping off. He looked like a valet; a
I do not think that my bitter remarks about
him were wrong. He supposes that we
all feel honoured by Lords calling. &
that exasperates one. He has bought a
country house, on the advice of some Irish
peer. It has to be large enough to
hold Lady Vera, who never travels without
a maid & a man.
The other day in Grosvenor Square, walking with
Elsie. As she wore crimson velvet, up
to her knee, & her knees had grey stockings
on, while Elsie was smothered in
good black cloth, & brown fur, I
took them for a good woman
rescuing a prostitute, & praising her
in the afternoon.
Do you take Sanatogen? I
find it very warming to the brain.

I have to write a review about the duke
of Newcastle this week; & next week I
begin my work of imagination. You will
then hear a good deal about it. When
you were ill, did you think at all
about the chance of liking me better?
I refrained from writing to you, though
wishing to, because of the sad revelations
made at our last meeting. Would you
inform me? I hear that Margaret
Ly Helton continues to sit silent,
people explode gunpowder beneath her.
She has been made a Younger Suffragist, but
they say that she is fit for the Grandmothers.
I went down to Twickenham. (Miss Thomas)
last week, & had a most interesting
time, trying to ignore the oddities of several
not altogether like other people women.
One of them leapt with fright when
one looked at her, & shook her fork in
one's face. The thing was to keep on
talking. Are you thinking of sending
Beatrice flowers?

Are you really better?

Can I send you anything?

VVS

NYPL

Dec 6th 1910.

My Violet.

It is a great pity that I am a prose writing & not a poetic animal. Then I could express my feelings. Gratitude, contentment, spiritual joy. physical comfort, friendship, abbreciation — all these ought to make rhymes. a Shake, a Shelley, & many others. There are many others. When they

all come together, one is really very curiable.

I was very happy in my comfortable bed; also at meals; also sitting over the fire.

Of course, I had to wrestle with my stunt devil selfishness: 2 Did you notice it: sometimes it takes an hour before breakfast to subdue him. But then, what a glorious

victory! What a snowy soul!
What a delightful creature, in
short!

I must stop (though it
could go on) in order to
catch the post.
Besides, you have
a dozen sheets to read!
With great affection—
Know.

Yr Sp.